The Commonweal

September 30, 1949

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Chicago's Misery Mile

James O'Gara

Austrian Election

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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John C. Cort

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The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME L — September 30, 1949 — NUMBER 25

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Steel Pensions and Insurance

AFTER the acclaim from all camps which greeted the persuasive findings of the special steel industry panel, the public has had a rude awakening. The Steel Company finally spoke and exchanges of telegrams between Mr. Murray and Mr. Fairless have manifested a disheartening intensity of antagonism. The verbal battle has now reached this point: the United Steel Workers are not contending that the fact-finding report terms are binding, but they do assert that these findings constitute their demands to the companies. The union is ready to negotiate only on the basis of how to put into effect the fact-finding board's recommendation of a ten cents an hour company contribution for social insurance and pensions. The companies take their stand on the original status of the findings as not binding, and they express willingness to negotiate only on a much wider basis.

Mr. Lewis's coal stoppage has once again weakened the position of a fellow-union. For, if fuel shortages are to shut the steel mills anyway, the strike threat is much less of a weapon. Moreover, the companies recognize the strategic character of the pattern to be outlined by their agreement with the union—not only in setting up new and lasting conditions in steel making but also in influencing other major American industries. The interchange, thus far having roused tempers and put union and company stands on record, makes it increasingly difficult for either side to give way. It looks like a long, hard fight.

But agreement on pensions and insurance is inevitable. Whether the company pays it all or the workers contribute a share is not as much of an issue as the two contestants make it. Some of the large-scale worker plans now in effect are on one basis, some on the other. Even executives' pensions, which have justifiedly drawn Mr. Murray's fire, are coming to have sizable contributory features. Yet whether the worker does or does not contribute to building up his own security reserves, the cost of pensions will somehow or other have to come into the calculations fixing water rates by collective bargaining.

THERE are certain things to be said for contributory plans. If a worker kicks in each week for his own security, and his representative has a lot to say about the investment and distribution of the jointly built up funds, it does increase his own stake and status in an enterprise. It also seems to bring that much nearer the sort of worker participation in management which will make enterprise much more of a true partnership — less of a class struggle. And it may even stem the surge of statism somewhat by providing cushions for sudden drops in purchasing power and by stabilizing and harmonizing industrial relations all around. It should give to the workers participating a new sense of security and a new interest in making a go of things under a properly regulated private enterprise.

At the same time the setting up of a comprehensive insurance-pension system in our major American industries raises some rather big questions. What happens, for instance, in the case of the small workshop where too few workers are involved to spread the risk sufficiently to set up a pension plan? How can they attain the same measure of security? Then there are the many small firms whose margin of profit is too small to contribute to such funds. This problem might well intensify the trend toward bigness, mergers and absorption, since workers will naturally be attracted to corporations paying pensions; and there will be a demand that the State step in to provide worker pensions outside big business.

Perhaps these considerations have to do with a later stage in workers' social security, but such questions must be brought up now lest enthusiasm over a happy outcome to the present steel impasse mislead us to think that it embodies, an over-all solution.

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Two and One-Half Worlds

THE responsibility, and so too the interest, of the average amateur citizen in the dramatic relations of the English £ to the American $ is not clear. Exchange rates are more symptoms and results than they are causes. This difficult and radical change in the pound-dollar exchange shows, and results from, the separateness of the sterling and dollar areas of the world. Not only the Iron Curtain partitions the earth, but so do the operating economies nationally maintained, at least on our side. But the manner in which the pound sterling was revalued, and the friendly cooperative consultation which accompanied the act, indicate a bridging of the national economies on the democratic side which is encouraging and which contrasts, perhaps, with the enmity surrounding the differences between the Russian Soviet economy and the Yugoslav.

The United Kingdom achieved a balance of exports and imports with the world as a whole, through great and austere exertions. But still it could not balance pounds against dollars. This shows the reality of the sterling bloc, or pound area, distinguished from the dollar area. England must correct her position toward the sterling area and toward the dollar area. The drain on the English economy by the immense sterling area could be checked by various measures, mostly involving a transfer of functions and positions to the United States. A Canadian writing in *Foreign Affairs* speculates: "It may be that for a grant of hard currency to be spent in North American goods, India and the others would write off two or three times the equivalent in pounds from the liabilities of the United Kingdom, and defer sterling drawings. . . ."

Sir Stafford Cripps said in his radio announcement, ". . . we must buy a great many dollar goods unless we are to sacrifice our standard of living altogether. . . . we had to increase our power to earn dollars; that is the only permanent solution for our difficulties—earn more dollars." There is no indication that the free market methods of an earlier capitalism will be utilized in building the trade and the dollar exchange which is required. The English must deliberately decide and manage how far and in what manner they will reduce their real incomes in order to sell cheap in competition with America.

Americans must make serious decisions. With the Iron Curtain already dividing the "two worlds," we cannot idly or selfishly watch a further breakup by economic strain. American prosperity would be most unlikely to last long if England and the sterling area drifted toward impoverishment. Anyway, besides questions of economic and power interest, there is the human imperative to work as best we can for all the nations' peace and prosperity.

How much English and other foreign goods this country buys will not be determined simply by the "automatic" play of a free and ungoverned market (which does not exist), but in large measure by the deliberate choice and management of political and economic leaders and by public opinion. In trying to decide what level of international trade is the ideal to work for, we are engaged with the English and must share the responsibility. The maximum is probably not the best. As the productive capabilities of the world level up, and as the costs of marketing and distribution rise, and as the bad characteristics of economic giantism and centralization grow more evident, the benefits of international and long-distance commerce are more clearly seen to be definitely restricted. We might wisely work not only to help England immediately earn more hard dollars, but also to grow gradually more independent of the dollars which Americans always seem reluctant to exchange for foreign services and goods.

Education and the Veteran

"KNOWLEDGE is Power" is a phrase currently to be found in the corner of an advertisement for a nationally circulated magazine. That is a rather unpleasant phrase, yet it is true. It was once part of the American tradition that the college-educated man was a dreamer who had wasted four years of his life and was useless to the world. (The employer might lean back heavily, knock his cigar on the ash tray, and say, "I want people in my business who haven't got any of that nonsense in their heads . . .")

Now business has acknowledged that a college education is the coming thing. It tours the colleges looking for bright young graduates. The colleges cooperate by training their young men to operate business machines, and by guarding them so that a minimum of nonsense reaches their heads. The contemporary college product is unquestionably the well-built, sanitary peak product, an achievement of the cooperation of two great institutions: education and industry.

Knowledge is power to those who know how to do things. Knowledge of technique. Knowledge of how to count and multiply. It is all knowledge and it all produces power in the manipulation of things. Knowledge, though, really implies a great deal more: the ability, for instance, to see what something is. The contemplative thus sees God always, because he sees what is. Every man who is able to see things truthfully is, for that, more of an educated, and eminently, a practical man. To be able only to *use* things, blindly, is the height of futility and the emasculation of a civilization.

At the end of the war we Americans expressed the respect we have for education by inviting our

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veterans to be educated at national expense. Most of them chose to learn to do things (and things, admittedly, must be done). Some chose to attempt to get not adroitness at doing, but perception in seeing. These latter young men are now out of luck. The Veterans' Administration has ruled out GI study not essential to the veteran's prospective job. We have decided that we are not willing to pay for education. We are only buying, if you will pardon the expression, know-how.

Good Model

WHEN issues of central importance are at stake it is inevitable that controversy becomes increasingly heated. Passion is a sign of conviction. Yet argument in excited tones keeps adversaries apart, thwarts any attempt at understanding respective positions and by its very vehemence makes solutions virtually impossible. The continuing tension over state aid to non-public schools and to all school children is a current instance.

Nothing, therefore, could be more timely than the calm and careful analysis of this controversy provided currently by the Editor of the *Information Service* of the Federal Council of Churches in New York. He states well the justice which Catholics believe supports their claims to aid for parochial schools as well as their reasons for not pressing these claims. He also demonstrates the justice and reasonableness of the principle that all children in the United States, whatever legally recognized schools they attend, are entitled to public health services, school lunches, non-religious textbooks and free bus transportation.

In explaining Protestant insistence on separation of Church and State the Editor shows how it ties in with fears of what Catholics would do here if they were a majority. But he contrasts the traditional support of the public school by Protestants with the apprehension which some feel about the growth of secularism. Most pointedly he underlines a basic aspect of the controversy which is most disturbing to American Catholics: "A survey of the literature on the subject will disclose how difficult it is when reading criticism of the Catholic position to know whether the writer is a Protestant or a secularist who has no interest in traditional or organized religion at all."

It is good to learn in conclusion that a scholarly restatement of Catholic political principles is in process. Might it not be a good idea in the meantime to have a shorter statement of a similar tone and balance to lead to further understanding of respective hopes and fears?

Human Rights in a "People's Democracy"

PREVIOUS meetings of the UN General Assembly have suffered from a sort of crisis-complex—a fear that debate on topics like control of atomic energy, or Palestine, or the Berlin blockade would prove so withering that the UN itself would fall faint from the stress and strain of it all. As the current session opened, there was no such fearful crisis on the agenda. Only the Russians, among the big powers, were taking this session with enough advance seriousness to have on hand a man of Foreign Minister Vishinsky's rank as a permanent delegate.

If this fact would indicate that the Soviets were particularly nervous over some part of the agenda, the source of their worry is almost certainly the US accusation against the Russian satellites—Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania—that they have violated the human rights clauses of the peace treaties signed with those countries. This accusation will open up the whole Balkan area for discussion, and since it is in this area that Titoism has the Russians on edge, they are more concerned over this part of the world than any other right now. The Yugoslavs have sent their own Foreign Minister to the Assembly, and it is no doubt the fear that he will throw the Tito-Stalin argument on the table that brings Vishinsky to New York.

Just as the Assembly session was opening, the Communists in Hungary staged another "confession trial," in which the former No. 2 Party man and Minister of the Interior, Laszlo Rajk, "admitted" his part in a spectacular anti-Communist conspiracy. His testimony dragged both the US and Yugoslavia into the plot as fellow-conspirators. Thus it is made to appear that all anti-Soviet forces in the Balkans join hands in trying to destroy "people's democracy" there. This trial is timed to coincide with the Assembly session so that Mr. Vishinsky will surely use it as propaganda and twist it, as he alone can, into a counter-charge against the West and Tito, grouping both at once as fascist reactionaries.

To cover up the wholesale violation of human rights in the Balkans—such as the staged trials against Catholics, Protestants and other so-called enemies of democracy—an apologist of Vishinsky's talent is required. There is little likelihood that the West will be able to restore human rights to the satellite peoples simply by a lot of words in the UN. But we will never have a better opportunity than this to demonstrate to a world forum of opinion what is meant by the term "people's democracy."

Nowhere else are there such potentially rebellious racial groups as those under or near the Russian heel in the Balkans. Soviet imperialism has already been severely jolted there. It is up to us to make the most of that.

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Chicago's Misery Mile

Skid Row is near, and yet so far from Michigan Boulevard

James O'Gara

CHICAGO sprawls out over miles of land, crescent-shaped along the shores of Lake Michigan. It is a city of parks, with miles of tree-lined winding boulevards. It is also a city of sticky, hot asphalt streets, cold unyielding cement and kids with no place to play. This is a city of wealth and power, and a city of poverty and dependence, at once a city of gracious suburbs and a city of huddled dirty frames. It is a city of soaring, airy skyscrapers served by helicopter mail delivery, and a city of squat, smoky factories laced together by railroad tracks. It is a city of churches and convents, and it is a city of taverns and strip-teasers. Within its limits this city nourishes Poor Clares, and prostitutes.

People discuss Chicago and rarely sound as if they were talking about the same city. Some never pierce the facade of the Gold Coast. Others never emerge from the obscurity of the shadows behind it. They talk as if about different cities, and in that they are quite right. For as Gertrude Stein might have said, "Chicago is a city is a city is a city."

★

TO the outsider, most impenetrable of all these cities is Skid Row. Recently Chicago's *Daily News* scored a journalistic coup by penetrating that fortress of loneliness and reporting the results in some detail.

In Chicago, Skid Row begins less than a mile from the busy Loop. Its main thoroughfare is formed by roughly a mile of the length of Madison Street, which is also one of the city's main streets. Every day thousands upon thousands of Chicagoans ride the streamlined Madison streetcars to and from jobs in the Loop. As far as most of them are concerned, Skid Row could just as well be in the middle of a desert. They glance from the windows, shrug their shoulders over the drunks on the sidewalk and go back to their papers. This was the shell of ignorance and complacency the newspaper set out to crack.

From the journalistic point of view, the *News'* methods were almost classical in simplicity and in bombshell effect. Two reporters, William F. Mooney and Frederick Bird, went down to Skid Row and lived there for two weeks. Then they described what they saw in twelve articles. It was as simple as that. And what they reported set Chicago buzzing.

During their two weeks, reporters Mooney and Bird attempted to cover as much ground as they could. They followed a policeman picking his way along a crowded street, and by watching him in action they learned the time-honored rule of Skid Row: "If a man can sit up when you poke him, he's not drunk."

Sometimes no one bothers to poke a fallen man, and in that case he stays where he falls, undisturbed. Occasionally such a man is dead, and then there may be quite a lapse of time until his body is taken away.

★

WITH Mooney and Bird went photographers. The pictures they brought back to illustrate the series were among the grimmest ever printed of life on Skid Row. Most of them leapt out of the page like pointing fingers: men unconscious on the sidewalks, men sleeping in garbage-filled alleys, cripples collecting empty bottles for the half-cent deposit, bearded old men right out of the Old Testament sleeping in abandoned, derelict automobiles.

Not the most dramatic but possibly the most moving of all the pictures printed were those of Sunday morning on Skid Row. In the area there are a number of assorted Protestant missions active. The photographers caught what must be one of the most unusual congregations in America: the men of Skid Row lined up along their curbstone-pews while behind them on the sidewalk the mission workers sing hymns and pray. One picture showed a gray-haired, motherly woman, in a uniform like that of the Salvation Army, down almost on her knees in the gutter, asking a man on the curb if he knew the consolation of the Lord Jesus.

In these missions free meals and a place to sleep can be had by the man who will take a dive, repent publicly, testify, be saved. The men know this, and the mission workers know they know it. Still the practice persists, and the missions on Skid Row continue to use food for the hungry and rest for the weary as bait for their particular version of the Christian gospel. It may well be that this custom of exacting faith for food and

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belief for a bed is a worse blasphemy than any perpetrated by the men who live on Skid Row.

For lack of a better place to go, the men on Skid Row spend long hours sitting on the curbs. Reporters Mooney and Bird joined them, watched the men pool their nickels and dimes for a bottle, and learned the protocol of the bottle passed hand-to-hand.

Most popular drink on Skid Row, they found, remains a fortified wine which packs a Texas wallop and sells for 29c a pint. Much of this wine is shipped into the city, not in bottles but in tank cars, a fact which may give some indication of its quality. Skid Row wine can make the novice sicker than a dog, and it has a tendency to produce horrible sores on even the initiate, but there are worse drinks. And as long as whiskey commands the price it does, wine at 29c a pint will continue to be popular.

The two reporters toured the saloons in the area. They went from one place to another and watched bartenders serve men who could barely stand. If a man could get his money onto the bar, he could get a drink. In at least one place such men who passed out were considerately stacked like cordwood in a vile-smelling washroom in the rear. Most places seemed to ignore health regulations and liquor laws, and few had decent sanitary facilities available.

Mooney and Bird did report on one place, however, which had a touching respect for at least the letter of the law. The only washbasin in the place was filled with garbage, and the water would not run from either tap, but on the wall was the required notice: "Employees must wash their hands before returning to work." At this writing, more than one hundred saloons and restaurants in the area have been closed as a result of the newspaper's disclosures.

★

AS part of the series, reporters Mooney and Bird took their readers on a visit to the flophouse-hotels which house most of Skid Row's overwhelmingly male population. One or two are reasonably clean and even fireproof; the rest are awful. Nor has Skid Row, presumably at the bottom of the economic ladder, escaped its share of inflation. Beds which used to be 25c or 30c a night now cost twice that.

The main hotels in the area are big places, with warehouse-like floors split into individual cubicles. The walls of each cubicle extend about six feet toward the ceiling of the large room; at the bottom of the partitions there are openings of an inch or two for the sake of ventilation. Each cubicle contains a bunk-like bed and is covered across the top by chicken wire.

Sanitary conditions in most places range from extremely sketchy to very bad, yet the hotels usually seem to enjoy a goodly measure of political immunity from troublesome inspectors. Perhaps the fact that one such hotel can house two or three hundred men has something to do with this immunity; a man with a sizable bloc of votes at his disposal on election day can become something of a power in the district.

The reporters left the beaten track of Madison Street behind them and went exploring. A short distance away from the main street, Mooney and Bird found a miniature jungle in what had once been a busy lumber yard. There men slept on the ground and drank and fought and cooked discarded food over open fires. There some of the men even knew love of a sort; the writers reported that they saw prostitutes busy about their trade in broad daylight. A mile away, in a contrast any self-respecting dramatist would reject as being contrived and artificial, the limousines purred along Michigan Boulevard and svelte women pursued the newest of New Looks in swank shops.

★

STORIES about such jungles, located only a block or two from a main street in one of America's largest cities, make for exciting reading. Pictures of men passed out in alleys are eye-catching, crusades to clean up Skid Row's saloons are interesting, a snap of one of Skid Row's infrequent women varies the humdrum of routine existence. There is more to Skid Row than these things, however.

The population of Skid Row fluctuates a great deal. Right at the moment, estimates on the number of out-of-towners there run as high as 70 percent, though part of that may be chalked off to civic pride. Originally the area came into existence as a hiring-center for the railroads. The labor offices are still there, and men still come back to Skid Row after months of bad food and back-breaking labor as gandy-dancers. Some people are rash enough to suggest that the railroads which helped to create the problem share in the cost of solving it, but that is generally regarded as heresy and nothing is likely to come of it.

Railroad workers are not the only ones on Skid Row. Itinerant workers of all kinds pass through; crop pickers en route to another location, teen-agers who have left the farm, seasonal workers of all sorts can be found there. The weak and the feeble-minded with no one to care for them tend to congregate in this cheap-living district. Old men on insufficient pensions can afford to live nowhere else. Cripples and unemployables of all kinds swell the total population into the thousands.

The problem of Skid Row is complicated by periodic economic depression. In bad times the

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Skid Row area fills up with the unemployed. Once a man gets there it is hard to get away. Clothing soon gets that flophouse look, and employers fight shy of giving jobs. The police in other parts of the city will pick a man up for vagrancy who would be perfectly safe from arrest on Skid Row. Certainly the environment is not one to encourage hope, and unless a man is very strong-willed, he may still be on Skid Row when the next depression rolls around. No man who can afford only a bottle of 29c wine will ever be chosen as a Man of Distinction, and the Skid Row resident always suffers from the fact that in our society bugs are a worse offense than bigamy.

★

NEWSPAPER campaigns about Skid Row can do good or harm, depending on many factors. Too often the easy solution is resorted to, and then for a while the life of vagrants in the area will be made miserable, in the hope that they will leave town and take the problem somewhere else. All such measures may temporarily improve the view from the windows of passing streetcars, but no one imagines that basic problems have been met by such a program.

Before they wound up their series, the reporters collected from various sources suggestions for improving conditions on Skid Row. They talked to judges, policemen, psychiatrists, social workers, business men in the neighborhood. There were various detailed suggestions made, some of which would undoubtedly help to some extent.

Better and more equitable law enforcement; closer check on both police and politicians; enforcement of protective health and fire laws; protection of the men from those who fatten on their misery; expansion of prison farm facilities for treatment of alcoholics; better handling in the courts—that sort of thing.

Many of the proposed reforms, carried through in the right spirit, would be beneficial. No one suggested that these supplied the complete answer; no one claimed for his own pet idea the dignity of a total solution. In an area with thousands of men, there will necessarily be not one, but thousands of solutions.

If there is no one over-all answer, however, the spirit which will have to prompt a search for individual solutions is clear enough. Those who wanted to discover that spirit might have found a clue in the film, *Monsieur Vincent*. The movie, based on the life of the great apostle of charity, Saint Vincent de Paul, recently had a fairly long run here at a Michigan Boulevard theater.

To the best of my knowledge, however, no one mentioned the life of Monsieur Vincent in discussing the problems of Skid Row.

The Austrian Election

One first-hand view of parties and positions in the impending elections

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

THE ninth of October, with its elections for the Austrian parliament, is a day of importance not only for the Alpine Republic but also for the Western third of the European Continent which has not fallen under Russian domination. Austria, it must be borne in mind, is the only country in the Old World which is a meeting place for the East and the West, the only segment of this globe where the Iron Curtain belies its name.

The situation here is entirely different from that in Germany. The Russians, it is true, are again and again deporting Austrian citizens to their remote summer-resorts in the Arctic and Siberia, for reasons often known only to themselves. They have also established on Austrian soil an extra-territorial industrial empire of their own which will prevent any basic recovery of Austrian economy; but they have set up neither a monopolistic party like the SED in their zone, nor do they seriously interfere with the passenger traffic coming and going into their share of the Republic.

Austria, moreover, has a freely elected government in Vienna. This is a coalition government composed of the two largest parties, the more or less conservative, somewhat Catholic, *Volkspartei* (People's Party) and the Socialist Party. The former was represented by 85 members in the Parliament, the latter by 76. The third party, the Communists, with only four deputies, joined in the Coalition for two years but then went into opposition and withdrew their only cabinet member. The elections were and are still based on the principle of proportional representation, but a certain minimum is required for the "basic man-

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date." The Communists with hardly three percent of all votes almost failed to get it last time (November, 1945). They have now a good chance not to be represented at all.

The uncertainties about the coming elections are all the more considerable because the question has not yet been settled whether any additional parties will be permitted to compete. According to Austrian Law, anybody can start a political party of any imaginable stripe. But the Allies *insinuate* (they do not exactly insist) that every "new" party must be licensed by the Supreme Allied Council. And this body, in turn, can only pass unanimous decisions. At present there is a powerful candidate for a Fourth Party in the "League of the Independents" (*Verband der Unabhängigen*), yet although we are very close to the elections its status at the polls is by no means clear. There is also another group eager to join the battle, the Democratic Union, which is characterized by Catholic and Leftist undertones. But that body is far too small to affect the outcome seriously. It is the VDU which is our problem child.

★

THE trouble we are here dealing with arises from two simple facts: the prohibition of the Nazi Party, and the legal, financial and moral disadvantages in which the rank and file of the former Nazi Party were placed after the liberation. At first glance it would seem perfectly natural that the Allies suppress the Nazi Party and assist the first free Austrian Government to inflict some sort of punishment on the members and followers of the Nazi Party. Yet here we encounter the old democratic dilemma: whether a democracy ought or ought not tolerate a party whose avowed aim is to liquidate the parliamentary system. (Little it matters whether such a party wants to achieve this aim by constitutional or unconstitutional means.)

In the Austrian (and in the German) case nothing would have been more salutary than to permit the competition of the Nazi Party, which after the terrible defeat of 1945 would have been a most miserable sight. Out in the open one wonders how they could have campaigned, what they would or could conceivably have said in the various diets, how they would have faced the public, what candidates they would have found to run for election. Nothing more calamitous to the Nazi idea could have been invented than to force it out into the open. Indeed, one should have made the leading Party Members don their uniforms and for a solid year made them participate in monthly parades with radio and loudspeakers repeating Hitler's most silly and most boastful speeches.

The very opposite course was taken. Instead of shaming the Nazis, they were hammered quite undemocratically into a solid unit of second-class citizens: civic rights were taken away from them; they were barred from many professions and they were made to pay fines which meant material disaster to a lot of them. Not a spirit of repentance but a spirit of stubbornness and vengeance was the result of this treatment. I don't exonerate the truly responsible men, but the fact must be faced that even local bosses were so often morally innocent.

In the very village where I live the *Ortsgruppenleiter* (Local-Group-Leader) was a good Catholic teacher whom the priest urged to take the job in order to shield and protect all decent people. He yielded to his pastor with the result that he is now debarred from all educational activity. The priest is powerless to find a remedy for this situation. Punishment is always a two-edged sword and the psychological results of punishment can only be seen by people with great insight. The punished Nazi of Austria and Germany remaining *a marked man* would in a limited number of cases give himself to a Christian feeling of contrition and repentance: in the majority of cases, once he is marked, singled out and pilloried, he would start to brood over his misfortunes and justify his former attitude. The result of all this is the "Neo-Nazi."

This time the "little Nazis," i.e., all those to whom no other guilt is attached than that of a party-membership or a party-job, will be permitted to vote. This is a total of about 9 percent of the voting population and since this event has been known for some time, the three licensed parties have made varying efforts to attract them. The Communists until quite recently have denounced them rudely, but in their advertising campaign which has started recently, they imitate the SED and cater to them with little inhibition. The Socialists reject these ex-Nazis' help openly but make secret efforts to capture their imagination; while the People's Party has for the two last years made every effort to wipe off the discriminatory laws.

Thus of the three hitherto licensed parties the *Volkspartei* has the best chances to get the vote of the former little Nazis. Yet the most serious competitor for these votes is the VDU, if and when this party will be permitted to participate. The Russians, for very obvious reasons, are all in favor of permitting its legalization, as are the Socialists.

Both the Russians and the Socialists hope that the VDU not only would collect the Nazi votes which otherwise might go to the People's Party, but also that the VDU as "another bourgeois party," would rob the *Volkspartei* of a great many tired and disgusted supporters and thus split the non-socialist camp. I doubt if anyone

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could safely foretell how many representatives the VDU, if licensed, would finally send to the parliament. But there is little doubt that even the Socialists would lose some support—though less than the *Volkspartei*.

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BRITISH papers already have said that the VDU would be a "good thing" because, at last, one would know the exact number of Nazis in Austria. This is of course, blatant nonsense, because the VDU is not a Nazi party and its founder, Dr. Kraus of Salzburg, is anything but a Nazi himself. The VDU is a group of malcontents lacking clear-cut ideological character. If permitted to participate in the elections, the number of votes the VDU will collect can merely show the size of the camp of malcontentment—*including the Nazis*.

Yet on the other hand there is a positive danger that the lieutenants of Dr. Kraus might control the movement less efficiently; and toy with fire in a more disastrous way than he would like. Courting the Nazis ideologically is a most dangerous game — especially so in a country whose most populous and most important regions are under Muscovite domination.

The efforts to achieve a so-called State Treaty for Austria have failed again and nothing would be more welcome to the Russians than a good pretext for staying on and on in Austria. A newspaper in Graz has just been publishing photostated letters from local VDU leaders which prove that there is a direct connection between them and the "Soviet Element." If one visits VDU gatherings one cannot help being struck by the subtle Nazi undertones to be encountered here and there. These undertones are of a purely rhetorical and organizational nature, not of an ideological character. (There is, naturally, no talk whatsoever of racial purity, anti-Semitism, conquest of the world, etc. Still, there is a certain collective dynamism, a synchronization and discipline which inevitably evoke certain unpleasant memories.) So for these and other reasons the Russian demands for "Freedom for the VDU" are only too understandable. And the Western Powers, who like the democratic principle of free party competition, are in a great quandary—the British above all who want to split the *Volkspartei* in order to help the Socialists, but do not like the idea of furnishing the Russians with another alibi for their behavior at the State Treaty negotiations.

The Socialists themselves are not terribly happy either. Before 1934 they were a strictly Marxist Party and even today they carry Red Banners. They suffer from the Schaerf-Scharf conflict. Comrade Dr. Schaerf is the Vice-Chancellor who is almost as moderate as Dr. Renner, the Socialist president of the Republic; but Comrade Scharf is a pure water Marxist who seceded from the Party and collaborates à la Nenni with the Communists. This incident is indicative of the ever-decreasing hold of orthodox Marxism on the party.

The reason for this evolution is manifold. First of all, there is this piece of supreme political education which the occupation by the Red Army, and the *ad oculos* demonstration of what pure materialism might imply, constitutes. The fact that the Communists insist they are the most genuine Marxists on earth hardly acts to endear Marx to people—not even to professed Socialists. The other factor in Austrian Socialist evolution has to be found in the almost total loss of the Jewish intellectual leadership which used to be fairly doctrinaire in its approach to most problems—a loss coupled with years of ideological re-education caused by the British and American exile of the surviving higher party officials.

Finally, there is the fact that the Austrian working class is a great deal better off than even the middle-class. It is impossible to speak of proletarians when these get higher salaries (*not only relatively*, but in schilling and groschen) than the "bourgeoisie." The changes in attitude in the Socialist camp can well be seen in their recent consent to make attendance at religious classes in the schools again obligatory (instead of a subject of choice as under Hitler). It could also be seen in the pages of Paul Sering's *Jenseits des Kapitalismus* (Vienna 1948), where this Socialist author challenges Marx's views that the workers in a capitalist society are *bound* to become proletarians, and that the proletarians cannot but become a socially homogeneous group. He also insists that production stands in need of hierarchies and that the talk of "democratizing" the factory is mere moonshine. Such admissions are minor revolutions.

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OF course there is also among the Austrian Socialists a core of diehards, who yearn for the old aims and use the old phrases. A very delicate point is the use of the *red* color—red flags, red emblems. Amusing are the efforts to soft-pedal the color symbol now so unpopular owing to the presence of a Red Army on Austrian soil, but on the other hand there is no clear-cut wish to abandon the old color either.

Still, the Socialist Party is in a great quandary because it cannot entirely break with Marxism nor adopt another creed; because it can neither flirt with Communism nor forget the common origin; neither adopt a program of uncompromising socialization nor assent to the principles of private enterprise. It *ought* to become simply the party of the Austrian Industrial Workers

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without any specific ideology and thus become an "estate" (an *ordo* to use the term of the Encyclical). For the vast majority of Austrian workers who do not care at all who pays the wages to them provided they are decent wages, the Socialist Party is primarily (and often nothing but) the political representative of their interests. Yet such a status is not sufficient to confirmed ideologists, and also too narrow a basis to attract a real majority. While the older generation still shows a definite ideological line, such a bent is conspicuously lacking among the youngsters who are voting socialist. Their political education was first that of the Corporative State under Dollfuss and Schuschnigg; then the grimmest of all—the German Army.

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THE *Volkspartei* has a not inconsiderable youth group (the *Junge Front*) where discussion is rife. It even publishes a "friendly but critical" periodical. There is a feeling among many serious youngsters—some of them Catholics, some of them Conservatives, some of them with other notions—that the *Volkspartei* might offer them greater ideological (and perhaps even material) opportunities than the arduous and uncertain establishment of new parties. Needless to say that the *Volkspartei* was, and in a certain sense still is, a *Sammelpartei,* a party of concentration of all those who merely are against socialism and have no clear views of their own. Such a party has no great attraction and no youth appeal.

The *Volkspartei* cannot even become an "estate," as the Socialist Party, for peasants, noblemen, clerics and white collar workers, by ancient Alpine standards and laws, form *four,* not one estate. (The old Tyrol had four estates, not three as France.) The Peasant Chamber (*Bauernkammer,* something like the Farm Bureau) is still the most powerful body within the People's Party. But peasants, whatever their great human qualities, are rarely ideologists. They have no dynamism; and the word politics is not accidentally derived from *pólis* which means city.

So the youth, especially the politically important university youth; the generation between 20 and 35, has here a rôle of special importance: the creation of concrete political thought which probably will not be a synthesis of conflicting ideas but rather an answer to the challenge from the East. And this answer Socialism, even Austrian Socialism, is not able to provide. Inasmuch as the Austrian Socialists are humanists they profess a humanism which lacks philosophical cogency simply because it lacks a theist foundation. Insofar as they are Socialists they are merely 50, nay 25 percenters, facing adversaries who have a record of far greater orthodoxy.

And then comes the issue of private enterprise versus the planned society. We are no longer in 1946 when the saga of a "fascism" maliciously and shrewdly concocted by a gang of fat bankers and industrialists still held sway. Austria, of course, is not as economically minded as Germany, where an issue like that of a free economy versus state capitalism would determine an election as it did in Trizonia a few weeks ago. Still, it would be an exaggeration to say that such an issue does not exist at all in Austria.

There is a distinct Catholic school of socio-economists who want a totally different industrial set-up. Their battle-cry is to make of every worker a little "capitalist"; and in the rural districts, a small landowner. I have just spoken with a Catholic entrepreneur whose efforts towards spreading the idea of profit-sharing no less than his home building loans (without interest!) are encountered with a furious but inarticulate opposition from the socialist trade union leaders in his large plant.

All these issues have a greater word-wide importance than one is wont to believe at first, because Austria is the show-window of the West for the East. Here and here alone Russian soldiers and civilian employees see at least the outlines of a free society. Thus the outcome of the impending election transcends its local character.

The Labor Movement

A New View of European Labor

THERE has come to this corner a copy of a private report by John Brophy, director of CIO industrial councils, on his recent trip to Europe. He made the trip primarily to attend meetings in general called to lay the groundwork for a new international organization of trade unions. This organization, which will take formal shape at London on November 28, will be a rival to the World Federation of Trade Unions, now completely Communist-controlled.

Before and after the Geneva meeting Brophy visited labor centers in England, Ireland, France and Italy. His reactions to those visits not only make interesting reading in themselves, but indicate that top leaders of American labor are beginning to take a new and very different attitude toward Socialist and Catholic currents in the European labor movement.

In the past the relations of American labor leaders to their European brothers have been determined mainly by ignorance and the political prejudices of those few officials or advisers who knew something about the complicated continent. Those prejudices have been either pro-Communist or pro-Socialist, but in both cases anti-Catholic. The prejudices, particularly the Socialist ones, have prevailed in the making of the policy, even though many

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of the top leaders of both AFL and CIO were themselves loyal Catholics.

In the last year or two the policy has shown definite signs of bankruptcy and a new policy is beginning to emerge. This new policy arises from a combination of four major factors: (1) the necessity for uniting all anti-Communist forces to stop the Stalinist march westward across Europe; (2) the drop in Socialist vitality among European workers; (3) the rise of Catholic vitality among the workers, and (4) the fact that non-Socialist labor leaders in America, including some Catholics, have been going over to have a look for themselves.

The report of John Brophy, one of the more influential men in the CIO, bears witness to all four of these factors. To begin with, his main objective was the meeting at Geneva, which brought together 120 representatives of close to 43,000,000 union members in 34 different countries. These included the AFL and CIO, the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions, the British TUC, and other federations from the Empire, Scandinavia, Benelux, France, and Italy. All were united in their desire to stop the Communists. (Not least of the encouraging by-products of this unity was the full cooperation of the AFL and CIO). Second and third, Brophy's visits to Italy and France convinced him that the Catholic labor organizations in both countries were not only bonafide union movements, but in Italy in particular, were doing a more energetic and successful job of organizing workers than the Socialists.

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IN ITALY he reported that the Communist CGIL was down from 4,500,000 to 2,500,000. The LCGIL —Free Federation, which was formed by Christian Democrats who broke away from the CGIL in July, 1948— "from what I could observe is really a going concern . . . This group claims some 1,200,000 members. . . . I talked with Giulio Pastore and he impressed me as a vivid, vigorous personality. He knows what he wants to do and drives in that direction. *He expressed himself in favor of unity on the trade union level of all non-Communist elements of Italian Labor.*"

This last sentence is important because it represents a change in Catholic policy in Europe which, as time passed, has made it easier for American labor leaders to appreciate that same point of view. Apparently the Church is persuaded that the strictly Catholic union, though perhaps necessary to meet pre-war conditions, no longer answers the requirements and the challenges of post-war Europe. It has therefore given its approval to the formation by Catholics of neutral unions in which all faiths and creeds might cooperate in the pursuit of economic objectives which all hold in common. This policy also recognizes the basic fact that workers in a factory are not classified or hired (usually) according to faith, but according to skill.

The "basic attack" of Pastore's outfit, Brophy concluded, seems to be that of "progressive and free trade unionism." In commenting on the Socialists' activity he pointed out in contrast that the major part of them, under Pietro Nenni, has been "taken in" by the Communists and "their phony front tactics." The Saragat Socialists however, together with the Republicans, finally broke away from the CGIL in June of this year and, though invited to join the LCGIL, formed their own group, the FIL, which claims 300,000 members, but "is still in the process of establishing itself."

Fortunately, plans are now well under way for an amalgamation of the FIL and the LCGIL into one strong anti-Communist federation that will be able to compete with the Stalinists on a much firmer footing. The outlook for Italian labor is, therefore, most promising.

In France the hope for unity among democratic forces rests on shakier foundations. Here too the major federation, the CGT, has been Communist-controlled since shortly after the war. Disgusted finally by the Stalinist taste for political strikes, the anti-Communist minority behind Leon Jouhaux, "the old lion of French labor," last year led about one-fifth of the members (800,000) into a new group, the CGT-*Force Ouvriére*, known as FO for short. It is mainly Socialist in ideology and, according to Brophy, "still has to prove itself."

The CGT has now dropped from 6,000,000 to 3,000,000, but is still dominant. There is also the Catholic federation, the CFTC, which has a long history and 800,000 members, drawing its main strength from the white collar workers and civil service.

Says Brophy: "So far, the two non-Communist trade unions federations have been unable to reach an agreement on either program or policy. *This would seem to be because of the doctrinaire Socialist and anti-clerical overtones of some of the leaders of the* FO. If these two groups, right-wing Socialists and Christians, could pool their interests and agree on a program, which unfortunately at this time seem not very likely, they would be well on their way to relegating the CGT to a lesser rôle in the affairs of French labor."

Note the sentence in italics (our italics), because it is one of the first statements by a prominent American labor leader which recognizes the fact that there is a profound difference between Anglo-American Socialism and Continental Socialism, that difference being in the "doctrinaire . . . and the anti-clerical overtones."

Brophy did not add that the French Catholic federation has an internal problem of its own. It is divided roughly into two groups: a conservative faction headed by Gaston Tessier, the pleasant old gentleman who is president and retains a majority on the executive board, and secondly, a progressive and militant minority led by Vignaux, Savouillan, Naillod and Hennebicq which is pushing for more vigorous efforts to organize the factory workers and for unity among democratic labor forces. Fortunately, the future appears to belong to the militants, but meanwhile the CFTC is turning out a few undertones of its own to combine with the FO overtones and produce the general disharmony that prevails among those French labor leaders who have forgotten the old French idiom which we do not know but which must exist to express the truism: "If we don't hang together, we will all hang separately."

JOHN C. CORT.

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Of Note

Mauriac on the Christian Message

THE September *Blackfriars* (Saint Giles, Oxford, England) publishes a lecture delivered by François Mauriac, the French novelist, at the *Semaine des Intellectuels Catholiques* 1949. It includes this statement:

> Certainly we reject Nietzsche's accusation and Marx's. The Catholic Church has not turned her back on the world in the way they understand it. No one can deny the value of her social doctrine, her part in the organization of labor, the enormous work of mercy that she has carried out for centuries in the most god-forsaken parts of the earth, and all this in spite of an apparent compromise with an unjust order. I am afraid of scandalizing you, but hasn't our generation perhaps paid too much attention to the social question? To hear some people speak one would gather that they deem the crowds in our churches to be of little value unless they consist of workers. Many Catholics, even the best, are so obsessed by the great misfortune of the Church today, separated as she is from the proletariat, that they tend to forget that God is no respecter of persons, that the great dignity of the poor in the Church and of the workers should not now make the Christians of other classes appear of less value in our eyes. As you know, want and poverty and even destitution are things only too evenly shared out today, and that the poor of Jesus Christ are sometimes to be found wearing gloves, and even fur coats.
>
> We may have a legitimate desire to refute Marx's calumny, and to prove by our own effort in the social field that the Church is not the opium of the people, but need this prevent us from stressing what is, after all, most essential to the message of Christianity, and what, believe me, all men in this year 1949 expect of us? When I hear great voices propounding from the pulpit questions concerning society and confronting the Gospel with the problems of the State, the relations between capital and labor, between the civil power and the Church, I have no doubt of the urgency of coming to grips with such questions. Yet I cannot help suspecting that a great number among that vast congregation—vast since it also includes the unseen radio listeners—must be sharing my feelings, mingled with great admiration, of having been slightly deceived; for surely they ask for one thing alone, and only come crowding round the pulpit to hear one thing—that we have a Father in heaven, that we have been redeemed, that our sins will be forgiven. Do you think that in the secrecy of their hearts they want to hear about syndicates? No, of course they don't. They want to hear about forgiveness and redemption.

Cardinals' Statement on Capitalism

A DISPATCH from Paris in the September 15 New York *Times* reports on the joint letter to French Catholics from Cardinal Lienart, Bishop of Lille; Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyon; Cardinal Saliege of Toulouse, and Cardinal Roques of Rennes. Urging Catholics to obey the Communist excommunication decree, the Cardinals also explicitly state that the Church still sides with the workers in social conflict. They say:

> In condemning the action of Communist parties the Church does not take sides in behalf of the capitalist régime. It must indeed be made known that there is in the very notion of capitalism—in the absolute value which capitalism confers upon property without reference to the common welfare and to the dignity of labor—a materialism rejected by Christian teaching.
>
> Whatever may be their rank in society, and their power in the economic life of nations Catholics who by class egotism or attachment to worldly riches are led to oppose any transformation of the social structures are most certainly not in the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are, without suspecting it, accomplices of the enemies of the Church and act as providers for the Communist revolution.

Catholic International News

Lay Mission Volunteers

CATHOLIC lay women of various nationalities are establishing hospitals, youth clubs, and schools in needy countries at great personal sacrifice to help missionary Bishops. They are members of the Lay Volunteers for Mission Work (*Auxiliaires Laiques des Missions,* ALM) which, since its start in Belgium in 1937, has been training Belgian, Dutch, French, Italian, and Viet-Namese volunteers in how to use their desire to aid the missions to best advantage.

Despite its youth, the group already has one martyr. Last March 11th, several persons knocked at the gates of the ALM Dispensary of True Charity established in a poor quarter of Nanking, saying they urgently needed medical assistance. Miss Mariette Dirkens, a 33-year-old nurse who in the course of her duties had safely delivered 115 babies into the world at the dispensary, answered the call. A few moments later she was shot to death. Her assailants fled. Neither they nor their motives have ever been discovered.

Miss Dirkens, like the five other members of her "team", had gone to China three years ago to assist Archbishop Paul Yu Pin. She had attended the ALM

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training school at Brussels for the required two-year program before leaving for the missions. After the first six months of her training she became an "aspirant" by making her "first promise" to observe all the statutes of the society, and continued to make the promise during each year of her stay at Brussels. Having completed the minimum of two years of training she was accepted as a temporary member of the society, at which time she took a pledge to adhere to the society's statutes for five years. Had she lived, Belgian-born Miss Dirkens could have become a permanent member of the ALM, by being permitted to repeat the pledge at the end of her fifth year, and then allowed to take a final pledge after ten years of membership.

Volunteers must be at least 18 years old when joining the society. Their first courses at the ALM school at Brussels deal with the moral, philosophical, and religious problems which they are likely to face in the missions. Studies in this direction are given at the very start of training in an effort to develop stable personalities to carry the girls through the trying years ahead of them. The second half of the course is devoted to professional training, usually taken at special schools and universities if the candidate has not already received a degree in a useful field.

No member of the ALM is assigned alone to a mission district. The ALM organizes teams of 3 to 7 girls who are sent to a particular district after they have been requested by its Bishop. A contract is worked out between the ALM and the missionary Bishops who request their services, which insures the physical and spiritual welfare of the girls, and their willingness to serve in whatever capacity they are most needed. One matter that the ALM insists upon in these arrangements is that the team will have a home of its own in the mission field, which members will be happy to return to when their day's work is over.

Besides the team to which Miss Dirkens belonged, the ALM has teams operating at Kolwezi and at Bukavu in the Belgian Congo, among refugees in Palestine, and at Peiping. The latter unit has been forced to limit its activities more and more because of pressure from Communist leaders, according to information dated May 20 received at ALM headquarters. Miss Dirkens's former group recently left Nanking at the advice of Archbishop YuPin and were sent to Hongkong to prepare for work in the island of Formosa. (New York, 9/22—CIP.)

German Catholic Social Aims

"VIOLENT revolution or positive reconstruction in politics and economics" is the alternative for Germany's future, according to a statement adopted by the 73rd Convention of the German Catholics (*Katholikentag*) held here in the first week of September. Workers must have a share in management, the Convention agreed, and Christians must make every effort to implement this principle in legislation and industrial practice. In order to promote this effort on a permanent basis, it was decided to establish a Committee composed of 10 outstanding labor leaders and 10 prominent representatives of management. This Committee is to hold annual meetings at Mainz where Bishop Wilhelm Emanuel von Ketteler, pioneer of Catholic social action and Christian democracy in Germany, is buried.

The Bochum *Katholikentag,* attnded by an estimated 960,000 people, was the largest Catholic gathering ever held in Germany. More than half a million men, women and children were present on Festival Square when the radio address of Pope Pius XII was broadcast. (Bochum, 9/12—CIP.)

The Stage & Screen

A Note on Strindberg

ON THIS side of the Atlantic, two books and an off-Broadway production of one of his notorious domestic dramas mark the centennial of August Strindberg's birth. And I think the celebration a very good idea. It is true that a close consideration of this life and this work makes one want to reverse the old quip and cry for a "week of Peter Pan!" On the other hand, it has been a shocking circumstance that what translations there were of Strindberg's work have been out of print for years, only temporarily and haphazardly available in libraries.

Now Scribner's has reissued eight of the plays (*Eight Famous Plays. August Strindberg. Scribner's.* $5.00) with a biographical introduction by Alan Lewis and it is fine to have the material all in one compact volume. Several of the shorter and, I think, most interesting pieces are included and the choice seems to me excellent. although I do wish "Creditors" could have been squeezed in somehow. And I also wish the "Memorandum To The Intimate Theater" might have been fitted. I have never been able to read this at first hand, and it seems to me it should follow the "Miss Julia" preface in the right sequence, before the Dream Plays. However, as I have suggested above, the collection is a real service and one is grateful for it as it stands.

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SIMULTANEOUS with publication of the dramatic work, Elizabeth Sprigge's biography (*The Strange Life of August Strindberg. Elizabeth Sprigge. Macmillan.* $3.50) constitutes an equally valuable service. Miss Sprigge has drawn her materials from first sources—Strindberg's work, his letters, and the innumerable Swedish studies of him—and she admits to telling his life simply as a story: there is no criticism at all. As this effort adds up to some two-hundred closely printed pages—as fascinating as they are sad—it is as well that Miss Sprigge has seen fit to spare us the ordinary and obvious Freudian analysis of her author. In a very brief Postscript, she does hazard a few conclusions but not, I think, seriously; and an interesting note in her Foreword explains that it is not the most sensational episodes in Strindberg's work which are fiction.

All of his work is, as we know, autobiographical—

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there are approximately one-hundred published pieces of his despair, done into novels, poems, miscellaneous arrangements, and plays— and it seems to me that Miss Sprigge has sorted these endlessly and compassionately to find her subject. It will be easy to say that her subject amounts to the first of the twentieth-century men: an artist who makes art merely a resolution of guilts; a man who finds life simply a "recurrence," a repetition of misery. It will be easiest of all to say that there is no dynamic in hell and that if Strindberg did not consciously seek and re-seek hell, at least he watched himself therein and roared blame to the five corners of the world, including that far corner which is God. However, the serious question, which Miss Sprigge nearly and justly avoids, is just this: whether the man could have been cured and the artist remain.

So far, and in respect of whatever therapy psychoanalysis has been able to record and prove, I gravely suspect that the answer must be negative. And it is a serious negative because this man was a very great artist indeed. This liar, thief, hater, blamer, whiner, and bore—this self-traitor—ended up exactly in accordance with his ambition. He wished to be a great dramatist and he was, and is. He had the dramatic imagination and there is no question that a study of his stage-directions, an analysis of his methods is of ultimate importance to any serious playwright or critic. The man saw people moving or not moving; he noted their words and their silence and he noted their scenes. His material wrought forms. At a time when it *was* an ascent, he ascended into naturalism. At a time when it was a joke, he burst into symbolism.

In respect of his material, one has unfortunately to go back to the "Strange Life" itself and to realize that the Freudian revolution has spoiled this for us. Misogyny, schizophrenia, manic-depression, etc., have become symptoms of disease to us rather than any useful signature of life. They are subjects for cure rather than for shouted confessions, accusations, and betrayals. Or for art. Indeed the modern fact is that Strindberg has very little truth for us whatever, although he has the means. I think he should be studied for his means alone.

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IRONICALLY enough this last fact must appear to make the published volume of his plays of more use than any isolated production of one or other of them. At the Provincetown Theatre an intrepid group of workers are putting on a production of "The Father" with a good deal of taste and a good deal of talent. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that the thing is more than adequately acted and is very nicely set, the business does come off as merely old-hat. And tiresome old-hat, at that.

I want to underline that the company handles this once explosive document with such care that they have avoided the ludicrous on every score, and yet the only emotion I experienced, regarding the celebrated strait-jacket scene, was laughter (if laughter is an emotion), and I felt the same way in view of the leading man made up to look precisely like the author himself, although undoubtedly this would have pleased Strindberg no end. I do wish this intelligent young company could have managed to give us an evening of the shorter, one-act pieces so that we might have watched a variety of the extraordinary techniques used by this man in order to stage his life. The wonderful opportunities for acting displayed by "The Stronger," for instance, are a challenge to both sides of the foots, and I honestly think "The Link" is a more interesting play than "The Father" while covering the same subject.

In all honesty I suppose I ought to append the observation that there is probably a natural bias in any criticism of Strindberg delivered by a woman. It does not seem to me that the man could have made any sense, common or uncommon, to any woman anywhere at any time. Certainly it has always baffled me that such men as O'Neill and O'Casey have dealt in panegyrics to him as a writer rather than as *wrighter* pure and simple. As a writer his greatest honor would appear to me to be confusion. But as a wrighter, I think he should be critically examined season after season so as to prove that the drama is a form in which all things are possible, even, occasionally, some stern account of the real world.

KAPPO PHELAN.

"And See the Children Sport Upon the Shore"

PERHAPS what moves us more than anything else in connection with war is the suffering it brings to children. They had nothing to do with the causes of the war, and in their innocence they may not realize all their deprivations, but they are the victims. Another foreign film, that stands with "Shoe Shine" and "The Search" to emphasize this theme, is *"It Happened In Europe."* While it doesn't have quite the emotional impact of the other two, it is still extremely effective in making us realize how children pay. Written, directed and produced by Geza Radvanyi in Hungary, the picture starts with a few shots of its locale, "somewhere where blood has reddened the blue Danube," and then plunges into quick, terrifying short scenes of war: the central figure in each scene is a child. These children are not killed. Motherless and homeless, they somehow manage to live, and at war's end they drift together and form a group, a cruel, ruthless group with hunger as their main bond.

The scenes in which these children pillage and kill are not nice to watch, but neither were the film's opening shots in which the kids were pushed around by soldiers. We find ourselves on the side of the children, and even when they take over the home of a kindly musician (a deserted castle in which he has taken refuge) we deplore their vandalism, but we understand their bitterness and their grim interest in survival. Eventually they come to know and respect the musician, and finally he is able to help them and start them on the road to a new life. But not until after the children come to blows with the local law and are brought before court in the

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picture's most moving scene. The musician defends them and rightfully blames adults for their situation; but most disturbing is the answer the kids' leader makes when the group is offered the castle as a permanent home: "I'm afraid we've overpaid for it."

"It Happened In Europe" is curiously uneven as a film; its effective realism is marred by occasional sentimentality and the ending of the story is somewhat forced. But the children, most of whom are not professional actors, are excellent. Perhaps their cynicism will break your heart more effectively than any later signs of softness in their character; but in any case this movie about war's aftermath deserves to be seen and applauded.

★

WE have two other films about youngsters this week both of them in the escapist school; but since escapism serves a purpose, don't overlook them too quickly. *"The Blue Lagoon"* is a handsome import from England with luscious Technicolor scenes of its South Pacific locale. Based on a novel by H. de Vere Stackpoole, this tells a well-known story of a little boy and girl who are shipwrecked on a deserted island where they grow up together. This rather pretty idyll isn't to be taken too seriously, but as a diversion similar to our Tarzan pictures, it will hold your interest. There's an exciting fight with an octopus and an even more thrilling scuffle with a couple of avaricious men who land on the island looking for pearls. The main interest, however, is in the daily life of the boy and girl (who soon become old enough to be played by adults: Jean Simmons in a series of lovely "homespun" costumes, and muscular Donald Houston who swims well) and in their adapting themselves to a beautiful wilderness and to each other. They seem a little slow about learning the facts of life, but this may be due to their only guide being a Victorian book of etiquette. You may wonder, at the end, about their wisdom in deciding to set out in a canoe and leave this heavenly place, especially since the year is 1917 and civilization won't be anywhere near as pleasant.

"The Secret Garden" is based on Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous novel and should please both adults and children (if it doesn't scare them too much) as a movie. Margaret O'Brien does one of her finest characterizations as the young orphan in the mysterious English house where the queer master (Herbert Marshall) and the cries from the pitiful invalid (Dean Stockwell) and the tough housekeeper (Gladys Cooper) and the wacky maid (Elsa Lanchester) and the lower class playmate (Brian Roper) all add more thrills to a place that would make anyone jumpy. A few touches of modern psychology have also been added since the Burnett novel first came out, but these don't spoil the story at all. Fred M. Wilcox has directed Robert Ardrey's script well; and while I didn't care too much for the sudden intrusion of Technicolor in the scenes within the secret garden, the intended symbolism comes over nicely. Your children won't have to worry too much about all the lessons involved in the plot, but if they do pick up a few pointers while they're enjoying the excitement, so much the better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Literature and Theology in Colonial New England. Kenneth B. Murdock. Harvard. $4.00.

THIS admirable little book is a study of the literary expression of the Puritans' religious ideals. Mr. Murdock, an authority on early New England writing, has sought "to describe Puritan literary theory, to show how it worked, and to point out the relation between the special characteristics of colonial Puritan literature and those of Puritan thought." In doing so, he has clarified the basic problem of adequate artistic expression, as well as whetted the appetites of readers unfamiliar with American Puritan writing. The book originated in a course of Lowell lectures given in Boston in 1944, and for all its scholarship retains a lightness of touch and freedom from pedantry which make a somewhat formidable subject appealing to a general audience.

An introductory chapter traces the background from which Puritan writing sprang: the golden age of English religious literature. Mr. Murdock emphasizes the mixture of Renaissance and Reformation influences, and analyzes the differences between Catholic, Anglican, and Puritan writers with notable fairmindedness. He concludes that the Puritan "distrusted everything Catholic and most things Anglican," and rejected any appeal to the senses. He thus had to evolve a literary theory of his own, appropriate to the champion of a "purer" way of faith and life, since for him learning and literature were not "decorations for the Christian life but essentials of it."

★

UPSETTING the old notion that the Puritans had no concern with art, Mr. Murdock analyzes their literary attitude. He points out that "In seventy years they made Boston second only to London in the English-speaking world as a center for the publishing and marketing of books, and they produced a body of writing greater in quantity and quality than that of any other colonial community in modern history." For the admitted shortcomings of Puritan literature in New England, colonialism and isolation were partially responsible; but the dominant theological and philosophical ideas played a decisive part. The Puritan's religion made him favor a plain style; wit, imagery, rhetoric, and appeals to the senses were deemed distractions from theological truth and proper devotional feeling. He deplored familiarity with an incomprehensible God, dreaded "enthusiasm," took the Bible as his sole literary model, and shaped his writing to an audience of simple folk. While some of these attitudes were literary handicaps, they and the profound conviction from which they sprang nonetheless gave his work realism, concreteness, unity, and a certain epic quality.

Passing over the much studied and forbidding field of the sermon, Mr. Murdock then considers in turn applications of the Puritan literary theory to the writing of history, biography and autobiography, and poetry. A rich store of illustrative quotations supports his argu-

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ment. The final chapter is devoted to the highly controversial subject of "The Puritan Legacy." Mr. Murdock cites Joseph Lee's admirable summary of the confusion on this matter: "The case against the Puritans is conclusive. We of the present generation have two kinds of faults: puritanical and otherwise—especially otherwise. The former are clearly a direct inheritance from the Puritans, the latter a reaction against them. Both kinds are thus the faults of the Puritans and of no one else. We ourselves, accordingly, have no faults. This is what we have always felt, but it has never been so clearly proved before."

Mr. Murdock distinguishes between the pioneer, creative phase of Puritanism, with which his book is chiefly concerned, and the crystalized, sterile later stage on which he blames most of the less attractive Puritan traits. It was the early period which left a literary legacy of plain, clear, strong, homely, and vital writing. In biography the Puritan emphasis on character rather than events paved the way for new techniques; in autobiography and history the Puritans established a tradition which long remained vigorous in New England; while even the weak Puritan poetic tradition had strength enough to affect Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. The influence of Puritan theology upon Hawthorne and Melville, of Puritan individualism upon Emerson and Thoreau, of Puritan self-analysis upon Henry James and T. S. Eliot are all touched upon.

It is clear that Puritan idealism and nonconformity have played vital rôles in the making of modern America. Mr. Murdock urges a revival today of the Puritan tradition of faith as an incentive to action, of tough-minded rather than sentimental religious writing, and of artists dedicating their talents to the service of a noble faith. American Catholics, who have made more dubious parts of the Puritan tradition their own through a curious historical process, should not turn a deaf ear to this plea.

MASON WADE.

The Golden Apples. Eudora Welty. Harcourt. $3.00.

IF I WERE, or had been, a southerner, I should perhaps be sent happily musing in that direction by Eudora Welty's book, the story of Morgana, Mississippi, and some of its people. I could on the other hand try to size up *The Golden Apples* in terms of some of the north's hard realities. We try hard to be regionalists. But Miss Welty is a fine enough writer so that one does not have to find out whether or not she conforms to our preconceptions about the life she deals with. I am willing to accept her world, wherever it is; and there is nothing to do but to join her contemplations. Her own talent requires it. You feel that the book is the product of a kind of satisfaction, which is not with the self but its relations to its surroundings. It implies a mastery. You feel as though you were being told: "Here is how it is, or was, or may be," and, without defiance: "Accept it or not."

Miss Welty's style is very much her own, despite its having been compared to William Faulkner's. With its often beautiful indirection, it takes its characters from one stage of sensibility to another. It makes continual analogies with a gentle, though exact and natural world, molding its images as if with the finger tips, trying them out for color, size and shape, to fit the next man, woman or child. There is no page without that kind of weaving in. A little Negro boy wanders by with his fishing pole: "Exum was smart for twelve years old; too smart. He found that hat he wore—not a sign of the owner. He had a hat like new, filled out a little with peanut shells inside the band to correct the size, and he like a little black peanut in it. It stood up and away from his head all around, and seemed only following him—on runners perhaps, like those cartridges for change in Spight's store," and with the end of the sentence the boy is gone from the page. And by themselves, the single, natural images get their own complete attention, like "the finger-shaped leaves of the castor bean plants, put out like those Gypsy hands that part the curtains at the back of rolling wagons, and wrinkled and coated over like the fortune teller's face."

One result is that the style, musing, desirous, intent on its images, sometimes runs past its world. You have to retrace your pages and inquire again as to who you were reading about. Actuality is often being caught in the act of day dreaming. Perhaps it is also for that reason that so many of its characters, though tied to a specific locality, seem to be on their own, running on with time. They are roamers, if not in so strong a sense as "Miss Eckhart and Virgie Rainey" who "were human beings terribly at large, roaming on the face of the earth. And there were others of them—human beings, roaming, like lost beasts."

But in the end Miss Welty's art is strong enough to bring her community together and leave it with a hold on you. Its structure encompasses the living and the dead. In the last chapter, which is about the death and funeral of Miss Katey Rainey, with whom the book began, there is nothing vague, nothing less than immediate about all the people who have appeared so far, or who have been no more than mentioned as existing in the past. They are all contemporaries. When you are brought to the MacLain graveyard and join Virgie Rainey in her abstractedness, after her mother's death, you are moved by having been with these lives in their place of origin.

JOHN HAY.

The Riches of the Missal. Jean Vagaggini, O.S.B. (Translated by Cornelia Craigie.) Herder. $4.00.

WE know that prayer is spiritual food: it is the way of maintaining in us Divine Life, which is spirit—thought and emotion—sustained, maintained in existence and in continual growth, by thinking and loving.

The words we say together, the words we speak or sing in church, in family, are not words of the Church, are not living words, if nobody thinks them, if nobody feels them. God will not hear them either, for God hears only words that teach us how to know Him better, how to love Him better. (He Himself cannot be taught; our own needs are no news to Him.)

That is why we all should have and read a Missal. And it is good for us that people who know the Missal and use it constantly come and display before us the

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riches that it contains: how all the stages of spiritual growth, the childhood of purgative life, the strong youth of illuminative life, the maturity of unitive life, are stages of the liturgical year, seasons of the year for the Mass attendant.

The author shows us how the beginning of the Religious Year, in the Masses of Advent, is the dawn of our Christian life; how Christmas and Epiphany Masses are impregnated with the birth of Christ and of Christian rebirth in grace; how Lent and Passiontide show us practically that without penance, death to our own selfish instincts, we cannot keep redeemed, for we cannot live for one another in charity, in brotherly solidarity; how Easter is life redeemed in Christ and sure of eternity with Christ; how Pentecost time is definitive union with God in the embrace of all children of God in God's Spirit.

The Liturgical Year is a magnificent course, a complete one too—and it is a pity it cannot be a living one—of Spiritual Life, of the life that should be the one lived by every Christian. But besides this complete *syllabus,* distributed throughout the year and known as the "Catechumen's Mass" (or Catechism Mass) there is, in each daily Mass well understood, a biting short lesson of how the soul wins God: purification by sincere confession of sin, wholehearted oblation of all, even of our own life, to God, and consummation of this offering in the act of participating in the immolated life of the Man-God: "This is My body. This is My blood shed for many. . . . Do ye these things in memory of Me."

★

THIS is a resumé of the magnificent things the author finds for us in the Missal: in the Proper of the different seasons and feasts and in the Ordinary of the Mass. Really, it is not authors who should be obliged to find that for us. The Missal should not be left in the sole hand of the celebrant; we should read it with the celebrant, for it is our Mass he celebrates. A priest, in the New Testament—in religion or worship in spirit and truth—is not one who speaks for us to God, but a brother who leads us to speak to God with him.

We hear sometimes apostles of Liturgical Prayer call our attention to the fact that in the primitive Church there were no classes of Catechism, for the faithful learned all in the *active school* of Liturgy, of Worship, especially through the year of Sunday Masses with their common collects, hymns, professions of faith, Epistles, Gospels. Yes, but those were times when even illiterate people followed the words of the Missal, for these were pronounced in living language. Most men and women today are not able to hear the voice of their mother, the Church. This handicap, the outcome of a continued Babel-phenomenon, must be remedied. A beginning is the use of the Missal by the faithful who can read intelligently. For the less fortunate, there will be sooner or later, a way out of their problem.

So many books, articles, even pastoral documents have been insisting, as now *The Riches of the Missal* insists, on the wonderful store of spiritual food in the Liturgy, that now remorse will be felt for allowing it to remain closed: "The little ones have asked for bread and nobody was found to break it for them." The practical solution now will hardly be to teach the people Latin!

Pius XII, in his last liturgical appeal, complained about adaptations attempted by some zealous men without asking for permission from those in authority. Was not that an indirect invitation that we call for a directed and harmonious evolution of the living common prayer under the guidance of the Church Our Mother?

J. A. CORREIA.

Mask of Glory. Dan Levin. Whittlesey House. $3.00. *No Banners, No Bugles. Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead.* $4.00.

MASK OF GLORY is an attempt to follow the mind and heart of a 19-year-old Polish-American boy from the time he joins the Marine Corps, through the brutishness of boot camp and the terror of combat, to his death from battle wounds as he sails toward home. Glenn Manson, born Kasimir Minkiewicz, looks back with resentment on the poverty of his never fully Americanized family, and dreams of the day when he will return to his native Cleveland, covered with medals and glory, to head for a great career as a chemist. The life and the dream are shattered in the battle of Dai Shima. The sacrifice is not in vain, however, because through Glenn's death his family becomes part of America and is able to leave behind the bitter memories of its past.

To tell this story, Levin shifts often and violently from a choppy, staccato, "realistic" style to a kind of blowzy, contrived prose that must reflect his earlier experience as a publicity writer. All the four-letter words and assorted obscenities of men at war are here, closely interwoven with passages such as the one describing Glenn's reactions to a volume of Plato he picked up by chance aboard the troop transport: "Sometimes, like a great pitcher hurling a blazing fireball, he saw the long-dead Greek hurling at him a tremendous blaze of revelation, he reached for it with all his might, but it broke away and by him."

Many of the scenes of life and combat with the Marines are convincing, but neither Glenn nor any other of the leading people in the book emerges as a well-defined character. The stupid officers (except, of course, the one commissioned on the battlefield); the pipe-smoking, chess-playing older Marine who thinks he should have begun this fight in Spain; the cynical combat correspondent; the half-savage, faithful island girl, and many others appear more as stereotypes than as living personalities. Levin, who quite obviously rejects orthodox theology as suitable only for those fearing death, apparently intends to represent Glenn's death as a sacrifical offering on the altars of democracy, but his quasi-mysticism is poorly developed and extremely confusing. Whether discipline and restraint are necessary in the Marine Corps might be open to argument in some quarters, but Dan Levin will do better after this first novel if he learns they are basic to good literature.

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THE alleged taciturnity of military and naval men has never been one of Captain Edward Ellsberg's characteristics, and the latest of his books proves it. With all the gusto and blustery semi-modesty of an old salt encouraged by a group of admirers, he tells the story of his work as principal Salvage Officer of the North African Theater of Operations following the Allied invasion in that area. Through the work of salvage, the Port of Oran was cleared of wrecks and opened to supplies vital to our success. The tale is on the windy side, too highly personalized, and ridden with clichés, but Captain Ellsberg has enough sense of the dramatic to make a tale exciting and engrossing when he finally gets down to it.

PAUL FARRELL.

Sam Higginbottom, Farmer. An Autobiography. Scribner's $3.00.

THIS is not a book that will be read by posterity, nor even a book that will create any stir in sociological circles today. But it is a quietly enjoyable book.

It is the story of a missionary to India, Presbyterian by chance of circumstance. Sam Higginbottom, who tells his own story, was not the orthodox type of evangelical missionary. He took as his text, "Feed the hungry," and preached with a plow, plus other American-made farm tools. He met with no little opposition from other members of his own communion, who felt that too few converts-per-dollar were to be found in his furrows. The Allahabad Agricultural Institute stands, Dr. Higginbottom feels, as the best refutation of his critics. It was India's first agricultural school at the collegiate level.

The author writes with the simple ease of a man of seventy drawing on his memories. There is a seasoning of homey humor, and a shrewdness of observation concerning India's problems of famine, and caste and division. There is an objective appraisal of the great with whom he walked: Gandhi, for example, was far more politician than saint, by Higginbottom's judgment.

Several pages of half-tones embellish the text. *Sam Higginbottom, Farmer*, would be a good book to read before going to bed. Not sleep-inducing, exactly, but certainly relaxing. Incidentally, it would be a good book for the "Boston heretics" to read. Considering the deep religious sincerity of the author, evident in and between the lines, it is hard to see how Sam Higginbottom could be barred from Heaven by the God Whom, according to his lights, he so well served.

LEO J. TRESE.

The Witness. Jean Bolch-Michel. Pantheon. $2.50.

LENGTHY suicide notes, though revealing, are apt to make dull reading and this one by a new French writer is no exception. The confessional tone and the apologetic manner begin to bore, and here and there poorly worded passages fall into the falsetto of a too earnest love letter. In spite of these weaknesses, however, which do, in a way, make the confession all the more convincing, the book has the merits of restraint and deceptive simplicity. As in a fable, the example of the self-centered intellectual who was unable to commit a

HASLEY, HEENAN & KNOX

We have always bought a copy of any magazine if there was a **Lucile Hasley** article in it: we could never get enough of them: we still haven't. But at least we have managed to get hold of 19 of them and persuade her to let us publish them in book form. These are her (and our) favorite articles—they include, "Confession and Me," "I Like Priests," "I Like Married Life," and "The Mona Lisas." We almost called the book, "A little peach in an orchard grew," but were dissuaded by Mrs. Hasley who said people would be embarrassed to go into a bookshop and ask for fruit. So we settled for **REPROACHFULLY YOURS** ($2.25). Caryll Houselander, also a Hasley fan, contributes a preface. It's ready.

If you know a non-Catholic who is engaged to a Catholic (or who wants to be), do please rush out and buy him a copy of **Father Heenan's THEY MADE ME SIGN** ($2.00). It will give him an outline of what Catholics believe, tell him the exact position of the Church on mixed marriages, what the "promises" involve, etc. After reading it he will know just what he's taking on and both he and the Catholic he marries will be saved a number of present and future headaches. (Ready.)

We were over-pessimistic (for once) when we said the **LATIN-ENGLISH MISSAL** wouldn't be published 'till the middle of October. Its publication date leapt forward again and it is now appearing on October 3rd: ask to see all four bindings at your bookstore: *then* you will finally understand what we have been making such a noise about.

What did you think of **Msgr. Knox's THE CREED IN SLOW MOTION** ($2.50)? Father John S. Kennedy likes it, and likes the author:

"Everything he has to say is freshly thought out and thought through. He is not inventing in the sense of making up, but he is inventing in the sense of finding what is there.

"I don't know anyone else who has, in a popular work, mined such riches of truth from the single word 'Lord,' or put so well what 'the world' as used by Our Lord means, or so cogently and beautifully explained why Our Lord remained in the grave three days or why there were forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension, or written so illuminatingly of the Last Judgment or of Limbo or of our relationship to the Holy Spirit."

His review is given in full in the current **Trumpet:** if you haven't had your copy let Lucy McGill know—she has a pile of extra copies she is dying to send out.

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NIGHTFALL AT NOON by Marcel Hamon, translated by Samuel Putnam, the novel which retells the story of the crucifixion, has been advertised at $3.00 per copy. The correct price is $2.50 per copy.

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gratuitous act is remembered for its moral lesson long after the events surrounding it have been forgotten.

Briefly, the book is the anonymous confession of a moral coward who cannot face the fact that the courage to live includes the courage to risk death for honor, love, or both. After a boating accident he watches his disabled brother drown. Later, when the approaching war surrounds him with people whose willingness to risk death for the honor of their country reminds him of his own cowardly refusal to risk death, he retreats into deeper social and psychological isolation. Finally, he passively stands by as his wife, a member of the underground, is taken by the Gestapo. Alone and filled with self-loathing he decides to destroy the last witness to his guilt—himself.

In order to keep clearly before the mind of the reader the moral significance of the story and to accentuate the physical isolation and psychological inversion of its nameless narrator, the author uses a minimum of proper names and descriptive passages. Reminiscent of Gide in its purity of style and of Mauriac in its attempt to penetrate the human heart, the book at times achieves the candor and frankness of a diary.

Jean Bolch-Michel is a former prisoner of war, a member of the Resistance movement and consequently a victim of Gestapo torture. A disciple of Albert Camus, he assisted in the founding of the French daily *Combat*. This is his first novel.

JAMES WEY.

Wealth and Welfare. Norman Ware. Sloane. $2.50.

ECONOMISTS have been imprisoned far too long in their own closed systems of theoretical economies. They have been analyzing, measuring, and describing at great length the dynamics of a world that is bounded by the covers of the economics book. Norman Ware, in this sprightly volume, attempts to remedy matters by placing economic theories back in the context of the turbulent life which gives them meaning. To an age that has accepted the economic interpretation of history, he gives a provocative, if occasionally over-simplified, historical interpretation of economics.

No economic system springs full-grown and consistent from the mind of a cloistered thinker, for it can not exist apart from the attitudes, habits, and ideas that make up the way of life of a people. Mercantilism, with its emphasis on state-supported foreign commerce and a favorable balance of trade, gained acceptance at a time when the rising merchants allied themselves with the kings to break the power of the feudal lords and find new sources of wealth. Physiocracy was the primarily French system embraced by the bureaucrats-turned-farmer, who wanted to make custom-ridden agriculture pay profits and who justified those profits by claiming agriculture the only truly productive occupation. Laissez-faire was the theory suited to an age of growing industrialists who wanted only to be left alone.

Mr. Ware adroitly punctures the myth that America developed its present industrial pre-eminence through free private enterprise. That, he says, is "a fairy story that grew thinner and thinner as the century advanced." There was a little of physiocracy, of mercantilism, of

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private enterprise, and of government protection in its beginnings; but they were transmuted by circumstances, which are always more potent than theory, into a totally unique and strictly American system.

★

BY THE twentieth century, American economics was rooted in a joint farmer-enterpriser-labor alliance, regulated and supported by the government. By these means we have achieved "the most logical and perhaps the most secure of all economics anywhere and preserving freedom within reason and maybe prosperity too."

Ours is now a mature, not a headlong adolescent economy, and therefore men of doleful bent may be ready to jettison its stodgier ways to follow the lure of one of the newer "isms." Mr. Ware, however, believes that our expansion is in little danger of stalling. Many areas of the world remain vitally in need of our goods and services. If our comparative self-sufficiency seems a barrier to the revitalization of two-way commerce, let us remove the governmental props of bounties and tariffs, and give our industrialists the free enterprise they have been hymning so loudly. Then, without attempting to export our political system, we can achieve even greater wealth and welfare.

Mr. Ware's lively style is as far from the dismalness of classical economics as are his ideas. If he occasionally appears to be reaching off balance for a witticism (as "Wants or desires move men to thought and action and women to dreaming" or "the pirates . . . turned their energies to trading, an occupation that in many ways resembled piracy and sometimes still does" or again "[Twentieth century] economists, or some of them, turned to despair and mathematics; J. M. Keynes was their prophet"), he more often strikes a pungent truth.

CAROL H. WEISS.

F.D.R. My Boss. Grace Tully. Scribner's. $3.50.

HISTORIANS who won't stop with the more objective material about F.D.R., will certainly get around to such as Jim Farley's story. They might also find pertinent side views of the comings and goings at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in the President's secretary's reminiscences, recorded in this volume.

On the subject of Jesse Jones's separation from the government, for example, what F.D.R. told Miss Tully, and what she observed, seem at least as apropos as what Jones told Farley. It may also be that this is the first public information, from either side, about Captain Patterson's visit to the executive office, when the New York *Daily News'* publisher took a long and detailed calling down for his opposition to Selective Service and the war in general. And, there are apparently witnesses to attest, he departed in tears.

Miss Tully's seventeen years in Albany, Washington and Hyde Park, as recounted here, will not only serve to balance some of the contra-prejudiced recollections that have found hard covers in recent seasons. Her

No wonder it won a $5,000 Christopher Award!

● Just thumb through the first few pages and you'll know why the judges chose this delightful new novel. For THE THREE WISHES OF JAMIE McRUIN is a tale full of the warmth and lilt of the Irish heart. It's the story of a lad who took to dreaming the way other men sometimes take to drink. Twenty-four he was, and comely to boot, with three wishes in his heart. The first was for enough travel to make a man homesick; the second for a wife whose beauty was like the beauty that went out of Ireland when the foreigners came; the third for a son who would speak in the tongue of the ancient Gaelic bards.

"Entirely wholesome, human, humorous, rich with poetry . . . Charles O'Neal can create a lovable character with a stroke of the pen."—*Mary O'Hara,* author of MY FRIEND FLICKA.

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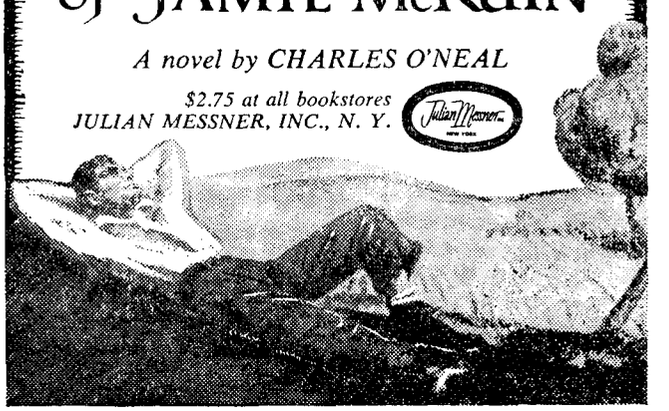

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Next Week

CALCULATING OUR RESOURCES by James Rorty is a penetrating analysis of what some five hundred scientists and technologists from 44 countries did, and did not, achieve at Lake Success earlier this month. The greatest weakness of this UN conference was that it "was deliberately planned and conducted **so far as possible** in a political vacuum." Yet the "first world resources conference" may lead to much . . .

TYPES OF ATHEISTS by Jean C. de Menasce. Besides men who are separated from Christianity for intellectual or moral reasons "there are other types of unbelievers for whom it is necessary to know the real reasons, not for their doubts, but for their hostility. . . . For such men their reasons for doubt are not reasons but pretexts . . ."

NEW ISOLATIONISTS IN ART by Jerome Mellquist. American isolationism in a political sense continues to find its counterpart in the art world in this country. Mr. Mellquist writing from overseas tells of some present-day European artists who are striving successfully in a counter direction.

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nearly four hundred pages contain many revealing, humorous and poignant episodes to inform and delight the faithful. Some millions of the yet-to-be-converted have already been exposed to pre-publication excerpts from the book in the Hearst papers and the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

JOHN BRUBAKER.

The Case of General Yamashita. A. Frank Reel. University of Chicago. $4.00.

WHETHER A. Frank Reel, one of the defenders of General Yamashita, is fully justified in claiming that the General's conviction was legalized revenge, unjust, hypocritical and vindictive, or whether he is wrong, the fact that a book could be published which challenges the verdict of the military trial and the majority decision of the Supreme Court is an impressive proof of the liberty of thought in our country.

Mr. Reel's apology for General Yamashita is written with passionate fervor and journalistic talent, and it will convince many readers that the trial of the Japanese war leader was anything but a triumph of justice. If the author is right and the judges were moved by embitterment and patriotic emotions, the fact that their findings can be criticized openly in such a frank way makes it unfair to compare even a blunder of American justice with the procedures of totalitarian states.

The book includes also the dissenting statements of Justices Murphy and Rutledge. Justice Murphy's opinions are especially a remarkable document of fairness and open-mindeness. That there were brutal Japanese atrocities, he concludes, does not justify the abandonment of our devotion to justice in dealing with the fallen enemy commander. "To conclude otherwise is to admit that the enemy has lost the battle but has destroyed our ideals."

Mr. Reel concludes that General Yamashita did not have a fair trial and that his condemnation was essentially a political act with a cloak of legalism. The material he presents is a challenge to the reader to examine the arguments. General Yamashita is dead and no change of public opinion can undo his sentence. But the American desire for justice and fairness requires reopening discussion of the case, so we may learn from past errors for the future administration of the Law.

MAX FISCHER.

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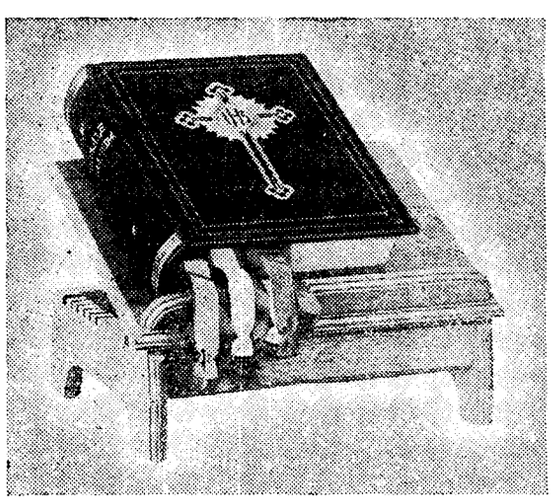

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